

The Mirror

OF

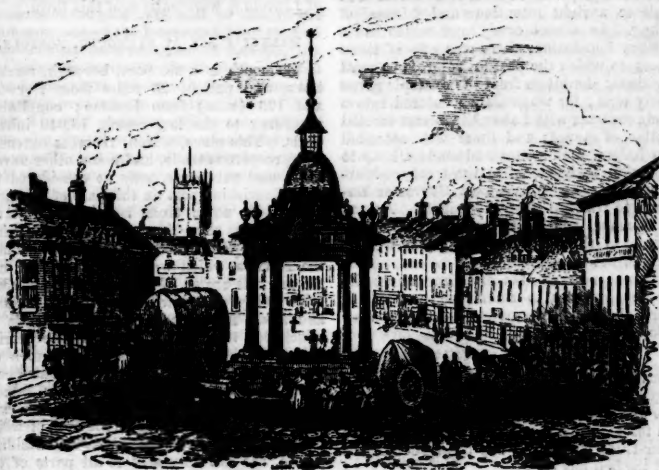
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.



Market-place at Beberley, Yorkshire.



Market-place at Barmouth, Norfolk.

MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.

MARKET-PLACES have been, from the earliest period, localities of importance in all our towns, not only as marts, or meetings of tradespeople, but also for the execution of culprits; the promulgating state proclamations; the mustering of troops, &c.

Market-crosses, of which we give Beverley, as an example, were in most places erected to inculcate upright intentions and fairness of dealing. In almost every town which had a religious foundation, there was one of these crosses, to which the peasant resorted to vend provisions: doubtless from the example given in holy writ; for when Jacob entered into a solemn contract with Laban, the former erected a pillar of stone*; and those who attended upon Laban, took stones and made a heap to perpetuate their assent to the treaty. Market-crosses are also used as a Bourse or Exchange to transact general business. Among the Romans, the *basilica* answered for the purposes of the modern exchange, as well as courts of judicature.

At some markets, the crier announces the time for business to commence; whilst, in others, the bell gives notice that trade may begin, as Shakespeare has it:—

"Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung."

But all markets are governed by the local usages of the town, every one almost varying, as to the liberty of selling toll-free, or the fee paid for such privilege. At Billingsgate, the oyster-trade on the first day cannot commence until the bell has rung.

As our country market-places are always objects of attraction, not only to the frequenters, but to visitors, as presenting animated and bustling pictures of the wealth, the traffic, and wants of life, we intend, occasionally, to embellish our pages with views of the most picturesque and important.

MARKET CROSS AT BEVERLEY, YORKSHIRE.

Beverley is a borough and market-town, in the East Riding of the county of York, 9 miles (N. E.) from Kingston upon Hull, and 183 (N.) from London; containing 6,728 inhabitants. By the Saxons, probably from the number of beavers with which the river Hull in this part abounded, it was called *Beverleaga*, from which its present name is deduced. The town is situated at the foot of the Wolds, about a mile from the river Hull, and consists of several spacious streets, in which are many well-built houses. The trade is in coal, corn, oatmeal, malt, and tanned leather, and has been greatly extended by means of a canal, called Beverley Beck, connecting the town with the river Hull. The poorer class of inhabitants are employed in making bone lace. The market is on Saturday: the market-place occupies an area of four acres, in the centre of which is a stately cross, supported on eight pillars,

each of one entire stone: fairs are held chiefly for horses, horned cattle, and sheep; on every alternate Wednesday, is a great market for sheep and horned cattle.

Alfred of Beverley, a monkish historian of the twelfth century, is supposed to have been born here. Dr. John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, and founder of Jesus' Cambridge;† Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester;‡ and Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln;§ were natives of this town.

MARKET PLACE AT YARMOUTH, NORFOLK.

Yarmouth is a sea-port, borough, market-town, and parish, 23 miles from Norwich, and 123 (N. E.) from London; containing, according to the last census, 18,040 inhabitants. This place, which, from its extensive and prosperous trade, and many other advantages and privileges, may be considered the most flourishing port on this part of the coast, derives its name from its situation at the mouth of the river Yare, which here falls into the ocean. The market-house is situated near the Theatre, which was erected in 1778; and the markets are on Wednesday and Saturday. It is well provided with poultry, vegetables, and fish. The principal source of trade by which this town is supported, is the herring fishery, which is usually productive to a remarkable extent; 70,000 barrels have been exported from this town in a year, besides above 15,000 more cured for home consumption. The fish, when cured, for both of which processes there are very extensive establishments, are not only sent to all parts of the kingdom, but exported in considerable quantities to other parts of the world, particularly the West Indies, where they are much used as food for the negroes. The number of vessels belonging to this port, is upwards of five hundred, exclusive of small craft; a direct trade prevails with the Baltic, the Mediterranean, Portugal, and other parts of the continent; and a regular communication by steam vessels is kept up internally with Norwich. Many vessels from other parts fish off here, and come, at a defined distance, from other countries, especially France and the Netherlands. The situation of Yarmouth, in a commercial point of view, affords unusual advantages. The Yare is here navigable for vessels of two hundred and fifty tons' burden; and to Norwich, a distance of thirty-two miles, for smaller vessels, without the intervention of locks. At the entrance of the Yare are two piers; the one on the south is 1,230 feet long, and that on the north is 400 feet in length, erected on wooden piles, and secured by iron railing.

† After his decease, which took place in 1500, his body was conveyed to Hull, and there buried in a chapel of his own erection.

‡ Born in 1459. This pious prelate, the zealous promoter and cultivator of literature, and patron of learned men, was beheaded by order of the tyrant Henry VIII., on Tower Hill, June 22, 1535.

§ This elegant scholar was born in 1706; and died at Bath, April 25, 1779.

* Genesis, ch. xxxi, v. 45.

MAHOMET II. AND IRENE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(Written expressly for the Mirror.)

BY J. L. SCHROEDER.

THE Greek empire had, for centuries, been in constant wars with the successors of Othman, who had gradually subjugated the Asiatic provinces of the emperors, and, at last, in the commencement of the fourteenth century, had made such extensive conquests in Europe, that the Christian empire in the East was shaken to its foundations. Amurath the Second, the immediate predecessor and the father of Mahomet II., had perished before the walls of Croia, the capital of Epirus, which city he in vain repeatedly attempted to carry by assault, with an immense army of one hundred and forty thousand men.

The Turkish emperor died A.D. 1450, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Mahomet II. This prince was endowed with extraordinary genius for government, and with an equal share of courage and military skill. He no sooner found himself at the head of the Ottoman forces, than he at once determined to withdraw them from the hopeless endeavour of storming the impregnable fortress of Croia, and to employ them in a decisive attack upon the seat of the Greek empire—Constantinople; politically calculating, that if he could achieve so glorious a conquest, the total dismemberment of the tottering empire would soon follow.

Mahomet was a man of such barbarous ferocity of character, that whatever course his calculating prudence suggested as necessary, he secured its success by the most reckless means. Apprehensive that his brothers would share the affections of his officers with himself, and become his rivals in power, he gave orders for murdering them all, and then set out for the siege of Constantinople, after having remained for about a year at Adrianople, the then capital of the Turkish empire.

Constantine Paleologus, the Greek emperor, little expected the sudden movement of the concentrated power of the infidels upon the Christian metropolis. The Othman forces surrounded it with dense masses, whose ferocious bravery was excited to the utmost pitch of endeavour by the promise of the free plunder of the immensely rich city. On the 20th of May, 1453, it was taken by assault.

Constantine, the last of the Greek emperors, perished, bravely defending his falling diadem. Rapine and devastation held uncontrolled sway—the infuriated soldiery committed every excess without restraint. All the relations of Constantine, and the principal citizens, were massacred in cold blood, after the capture of the metropolis, by order of the sanguinary conqueror, who performed his engagement to his followers by allowing them the entire booty which each took.

For seven days did the horrors of the battle

still rage in some parts or other of the devoted city, and in the gardens of the mansions into which the Greek soldiery retired when chased by the overwhelming forces of their opponents.

Achmet, the general-in-chief of Mahomet's armies, followed the retreating Christians with uncompromising destruction. On the evening of the fourth day of the carnage, Achmet, with a body of chosen troops, forced the strong defences of a castle in the suburbs, which had held out against the repeated attacks made upon it. A large number of Greeks, evidently of the higher order, disputed every inch of ground with desperation, and still in retreating from one vast hall to another, they dealt destruction among their invaders. Amidst the dreadful conflict, Achmet discovered a numerous body of Greek soldiery retreating through the enclosed gardens of the castle—he ordered his officers to continue the battle, whilst he and a party intercepted the flying troops. Finding themselves chased, the soldiers faced their pursuers and formed a solid front, whilst a party still retreated. The Turks attacked the Christians with fury, but were received with the desperate courage of men who seemed to have devoted themselves to a costly sacrifice.

Achmet pressed forward, for a Greek chief of noble stature and bearing had dealt death around him, and seemed to single out the infidel commander for his antagonist.

"Who art thou?" cried Achmet, enraged by the havoc made around him—"that darest us thus?"

"I am Theodoric, son of the governor—I avenge a father's death."

"Take thine own, Christian dog," rejoined the Turk, whilst his scimitar descended like lightning upon the casque of the Greek. The steel helmet was proof, but the force of the blow struck Theodoric to the ground—"Thou art my prisoner," ejaculated Achmet, holding the point of his sword to the prostrate prince's throat, "I spare thy life, if thou tellest me who those are in retreat, for I see there are females who now pass the porch of the gardens."

"I tell thee nothing."

"Then die, cursed dog," shouted Achmet, as he ran the point of his scimitar between the joints of the Greek's armour into his throat.

The Turks continued pouring their soldiers into the gardens, and massacred the remaining Greeks, who had so bravely covered the retreat of the women from the castle-gardens. This party, protected by a small escort which had separated from the Greek forces in the gardens, pursued their course rapidly over the plain towards the shore of the Bosphorus—there they prepared to embark upon vessels which had been stationed for their reception. At this moment the party was suddenly surrounded by a Turkish squadron, who, after a short conflict with the Greek soldiers, who

were soon overpowered, took the women and immediately conveyed them to the Turkish camp, which was on the plain to the east of Constantinople.

Mahomet was soon apprized of the capture of several noble Grecian ladies, and their attendants; with an immense booty in jewels and gold. On the same night he ordered the officer who had the captives in charge to bring them to his tent. The infidel conqueror directed his grand eunuch, Osmail, to present the captive ladies to him in the quarters of the harem, where he awaited their arrival with impatience, for a report had been made to him that a noble Grecian of superlative beauty was made prisoner in attempting to embark. Mahomet was as devoted in the selection of beauties for his harem as he was determined and prudent in the conduct of affairs. Amidst the splendour of his harem did he recline upon his ottoman, when Osmail, attended by his officers, introduced the timid shrinking captives. One more fearful and retiring than her companions in misfortune, shrouded in a deep veil, stood trembling before the destroyer of her countrymen.

"Osmail," said the proud conqueror, "unveil that woman, and bring her forward." The grand eunuch advanced to execute his master's commands.

"My lord will pardon his servant," said the female, sinking upon her knees, "but I am a betrothed wife, and may not lift the veil that hides the sorrows of my heart."

"Who art thou, and to whom art thou betrothed?" inquired the emperor.

"My name is Irene, I am the daughter of the prince of Albania, and I am betrothed to—"

At this moment a guard outside the encampment of the harem made the watch signal that Osmail should receive a communication from Achmet, the general-in-chief, that the council of war required the immediate presence of the emperor.

"Thou shalt be attended according to thy state, and we will further direct respecting thee," said Mahomet, as he quitted the women's tents.

Osmail took charge of the captives, and allotted their attendance and place of abode in the harem.

On the morrow Mahomet ordered the captives into his presence in the audience-tent of the harem—Osmail brought them forward. Irene was placed in front of the party, and bowed with her face to the ground.

"I know thy history," said Mahomet, addressing her, "thy betrothed husband is slain."

Irene uttered a piercing shriek, and Osmail rushed forward to support her.

"How—where?" ejaculated the distressed Irene, whilst in the excess of her grief she

tore the veil from her head, and discovered features of such surpassing beauty that the emperor started from his couch in amazement.

"Fairest of earthly forms," said he, taking the hand of the lovely Irene, "what fate has decreed cannot be reversed. Theodorice, thy betrothed, fell in covering thy retreat from the castle—but let the lord of Asia become thy slave—thou shalt share his throne and the splendour of his power."

"It may not be," replied Irene, timidly, whilst she endeavoured to cover her beautiful countenance from the ardent gaze of Mahomet—"It may not be—if the heart of the conqueror can feel pity for his poor captive, send me to my parent, the Prince of Teffia."

"Thy father and his sons perished in the battle, in the plains of Bursa, and fate has placed thee in my charge, thou fairest flower of Anatolia," replied Mahomet,—but his captive heard not his praise—she had sunk upon the emperor's arm in a state of insensibility. Menel, the faithful companion of Irene, went forward to assist her; and to her, and the attendants, was the captive princess committed by the emperor, whose entire faculties seemed bewildered by the superb beauty which had captivated his eye and heart. Day after day he visited the lovely Irene in her apartments, each succeeding interview made a deeper impression, and a more fixed resolve to gain the love of his beautiful captive. Finding the attachment of Irene to her companion, Menel, the emperor engaged her, by his entreaties and costly presents, to advocate his suit.

Mahomet became so deeply enamoured of Irene, that he abstracted himself from public business, and devoted all his time to his lovely captive. Osmail was charged to provide every luxurious entertainment that the imperial treasury could command, and everything was made subservient to the pleasure of the Grecian Princess. Time, and the assiduities of the emperor, softened her grief for the loss of her lover and relatives—her mind became gradually accustomed to the attentions of Mahomet; and at last, in an evil hour, she consented to change her religion, and accept the offered diadem of the united Eastern and Grecian Empire. In the palace of the Constantines was the grand inauguration to be performed. The most splendid preparations were made to give effect to the double ceremony. All appeared around Irene, as the serene sky reflected in gold and azure from the calm waters that laved the walls of the palace. Unreflecting and joyous she awaited the arrival of the morrow which was to witness the abjuration of her Christian faith, her marriage vows plighted to her infidel master, and her coronation, as partner of his throne. Her faithful compa-

† Mahomet, upon the surrender of Constantinople, transferred the seat of government from Adrianople to the former city, and first assumed the title of emperor, which the succeeding Turkish sovereigns have retained.

* By the law of the Koran, a betrothed woman may not be taken by another than her husband.

nion, Menel, had deeply rued the part she had taken in forwarding the views of the emperor, when she found that the sacrifice of her religion was the price Irene was to pay for her elevation as Mahomet's bride; but the princess had, in the intoxication of anticipated grandeur, gone too far to recede, and the gentle Menel reluctantly consented to witness the ceremonies rather than be parted from her mistress. Menel's affection for Irene was too sincere to allow a separation.

The day arrived for the performance of the august ceremonies—every art had been strained to give an imposing effect to them. The great officers of state—Elmanai, the grand mufti, Achmet, the general-in-chief, Ab-Adul, the grand vizier, Ali-Beg, the commander of the Janissaries, and the princes of the Divan, surrounded the throne of ivory embossed with jewels and gold, upon which sat the mighty conqueror of the Grecian Empire in the church of St. Sophia, now first desecrated to a false worship. The vast dome of the building illuminated with a hundred thousand lamps, radiant with every tint, contained the imperial guard and the officers of the palace, the long nave and the aisles were thronged with spectators of every clime and religion, eager to catch a glance of the ceremonies, and above all, of the resplendent beauty who was to perform the principal part in the exciting scenes. On the right of the throne, behind golden and green lattices, was placed the harem of the emperor. Osmail, the grand eunuch, and his officers, made a principal display in the gorgeous arrangement. Mahomet, elated with the success of his long endeavours to attain the object of his ambition, was too much absorbed in the anticipation of the reward he was about to receive, in the possession of the paragon of eastern beauty who sat beside him on an ottoman lower than the throne, preparing for the first ceremony—Mahomet, with all his habitual caution, was too deeply engaged with the superb object of his choice, to notice certain indications which the chief officers of the court gave of something not quite in accordance with the smiles and obeisances which their countenances and bodies were familiarized with. Nor did the emperor observe the frequent communications which took place between Ali-Beg, the commander of the Janissaries, and Osmail, the grand eunuch, who frequently went to the lattice, evidently carrying on a correspondence between Ali-Beg and some lady of the harem.

The grand mufti, Elmanai, now motioned the attendant priests that the ceremonies would commence. The military music which had hitherto played without cessation, now paused—a dead silence ensued, which was followed by the chanting of a hymn to the prophet. At its close, the emperor left his throne and led the fair Irene towards the platform in front of the throne. The mufti advanced, the Koran was opened—the bewildered princess nearly fainted as she was directed to make the

recantation of her Christian faith, and affirm her belief in the prophet, as preliminary to the marriage ceremony. Tears burst from the eyes of the gentle Menel as her mistress uttered the fearful oaths—the gentle Menel thought the angels wept with her upon the apostasy of so fair a wonder of creation.

"Now thou shalt be indissolubly mine," said Mahomet to the seduced Irene, in a gentle tone, as he took her hand,—“now Elmanai, pro—” the unfinished sentence was interrupted, for Ab-Adul, the grand vizier, suddenly prostrated himself before the emperor.

"Slave, how darest thou at this moment break in upon—"

The grand vizier rose, and whispered in the ear of the emperor.

"Arrest the traitor!" rejoined Mahomet, in a low voice, whilst anger flashed in his eye. He cast a dark look of suspicion on all around—"Can you depend upon the Janissaries?"

"No, my lord, they are disaffected; but I have here troops to awe them," replied Ab-Adul—"My lord may be advised to hold a divan before the ceremonies proceed."

Mahomet drew his scimeter without reply to the vizier.—Irene and her attendants fell upon their knees in amazement—the emperor retreated a few steps—all was consternation and confusion—Mahomet suddenly advanced before the grand officers of state—and in a moment severed the head of Ali-Beg from his body. A loud shriek burst from the ladies of the harem behind the lattice—The voice of Selima, the favourite concubine of Mahomet, was loud above the rest.

"Osmail," said the monarch, almost choked with fury, "take Selima from the women, and apply the bow-string. Slave, why dost thou linger, thy life or thy instant obedience!"

Osmail departed, and Mahomet returned to the Mufti and Irene. The princess had fallen upon her face, overcome with terror.

"Irene, there is foul treason at work, ascend to thy place by the throne, and await my return, the ceremonies shall then proceed."

Mahomet raised the princess, half-dead, and led her to the ottoman. He then proceeded to a chapel in the edifice, followed by all his officers of the council.

The refractory Janissaries were dismayed, and completely awed by the decisive and sudden conduct of Mahomet—the unexpected death of their commander, Ali-Beg, discouraged them from making the least attempt to carry the preconcerted plan into execution, it was evident their treason and intended revolt were completely known to the emperor, each man looked upon his neighbour with alarm and suspicion; they therefore remained quite quiet in the position assigned them.

Mahomet, scarcely knowing in whom to confide, met his divan in council with anger and mistrust.

"Go, Achmet, and clear the mosque of all the visitors, let the guards and the military

alone remain, and gradually surround the Janissaries with additional troops."

The general-in-chief retired to execute the emperor's orders. The people, who were accustomed to scenes of blood and to obedience, retired upon command, discussing the occasion of the execution of their emperor's sudden vengeance. The slaying of Ali-Beg had been seen by a few of the nearest by-standers, and had been reported by them to the rest, dismay and confusion pervaded the whole body.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STEAM-BOAT TRAFFIC ON THE RIVER THAMES.

(From the last number of the *Monthly Chronicle*.)

THE view from London Bridge gives, perhaps, the best idea of the extent of the steam navigation of the river. Looking downwards, the eye is attracted by a forest of funnels belonging to steamers lying off the Custom-house, and various quays from that point to St. Katherine's Dock, and thence as far as the sight can penetrate. These, however, are chiefly foreign and coasting vessels, and as such belong only partially to our present subject. But close under the bridge, both above and below it, are clustered on the City side the river steamers; for here it is that the rival Gravesend and Greenwich companies, as well as various others, have their wharfs. Here, during the summer months, prevails throughout the day, the constant bustle of arrival and departure; and few spots of this busy metropolis are better calculated to convey, in the spring and summer, a true impression of the out-of-door intercourse and movements of its teeming population. During the winter the scene is comparatively still; fewer steamers are plying, and at longer intervals. We will endeavour to give an idea of the extent of the traffic carried on during the past season (1838); not pretending, indeed, to furnish a complete list of the vessels employed, but noting such as came under our own observation.

To Greenwich, there were steam-boats starting every quarter of an hour, the two companies, the old and new, running alternately. To Woolwich, twelve times a day, from Hungerford Market pier. To Gravesend, the Star company had six boats daily; the Diamond company, seven; the Commercial Company, one, which proceeded to Sheerness and Southend; the Eagle and Falcon Company, two, from Waterloo Bridge; besides which, there was one from Hungerford. Many, if not all of the Gravesend boats, are accustomed to call at Blackwall; and all receive and put down passengers when required at various points of their course. To Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, and other favourite resorts of the inhabitants of the metropolis, there are likewise numerous steam-boats, especially in the season. The following particulars as to the traffic in previous years may be added from

the Evidence on the Blackwall Railway. Mr. John Taylor, a Thames pilot, gives (March 28d, p. 4.) as the average number of steamers passing through the Pool, up or down per day, from May to September, from 120 to 130. Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, states (March 24th, p. 15.) that he counted 96 in a day, between eight in the morning and eight at night, passing the London Docks, up or down. And (p. 16.) that in the month of July, 1,801 was the total number, likewise from eight to eight, which gives a daily average of about 60. This latter average probably comes nearest to the truth; the former was given only as a guess, this is an actually observed fact. The difference is lessened if we consider the one to include, as it probably does, the whole twenty-four hours, while the other expressly excludes the night. In both numbers it will be remembered the foreign and coasting steamers are included, besides those properly belonging to the Thames.

Turning our attention up the river, to Richmond, there plied last season four boats daily from Queenhithe and Hungerford, one of which proceeded to Twickenham. This was the station on which the first Thames steamers were introduced. The up-river boats which remain to be noticed are of a more recent date, the "London and Westminster" company having commenced operations in 1837, and the "Iron Steam-boat" company only during the last season. The former company had boats every quarter of an hour from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, calling on the Southwark side of Southwark Bridge and at Hungerford; also at Putney three times, and to the Southampton Railway pier, a little above Vauxhall Bridge, twelve times a day. The latter company's iron boats plied every half hour from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway pier, calling on the City side of Waterloo Bridge, and the Westminster side of Westminster Bridge.

From this enumeration, incomplete though it be, it will appear that the facilities afforded to the inhabitants of the metropolis, for enjoying the fresh breezes of their noble river, and visiting the various scenes of beauty on its banks, are very numerous, while the competition of the different companies has the effect of ensuring low fares. It is difficult to form a calculation of the multitudes who avail themselves of these means of locomotion, but we will give a few data, which may assist the reader to do so. In the report of the Eagle and Falcon company, presented in the spring of last year, it was stated that in three months they had carried by means of their two boats 66,000 persons to and from Woolwich and Blackwall; and that during the first thirty days of their boats plying from Waterloo Bridge, their passengers to and from Gravesend had amounted to 7,600, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. In Gravesend boats we have counted 200 passengers, when they have been not by any means

uncomfortably filled; and though they are often to be seen with much fewer passengers, they are, on the other hand, especially on fine Sundays, very frequently still more crowded. Supposing an average of only sixty passengers per voyage, the 17 boats each way between London and Gravesend will give upwards of 2000 passengers daily journeying the one way or the other—an estimate probably much below the mark. From the evidence of Mr. Charles White, a proprietor and director of the Star company (April 14th, pp. 15, 16,) it would appear that the average number of passengers during the four best months of the year is 300 to each boat—that they sometimes take as many as 600, and “on one day of public rejoicing carried 900.” Mr. Redman, another director of the same company, states (May 14th, p. 9.) that they have received and started about 3,000 passengers in about forty-five minutes; of course with several boats. Mr. T. H. Sinnot, clerk to the solicitors to the Herne Bay Pier Company (March 28th, p. 18,) gives 30,102 as the number of passengers landing and embarking at that pier in 1835, from March 25th to the time when the boats ceased running.

The above-bridge traffic presents certain peculiar features. It is a kind of omnibus traffic;—not, indeed, that any one may hold up one’s finger at any point of the boat’s course and be taken on board or set ashore; but in the space of less than two miles, between London and Westminster Bridges, we have seen that there are appointed by one of the companies one, and by the other, two intermediate stopping places, which gives passengers the opportunity of choosing among three several points of communication within that distance.

To these advantages is added speed in most states of the tide; the length of voyage between Westminster and London Bridges varying from a quarter to half an hour or somewhat more. An additional inducement is offered by the low fare of the steamers, which is fourpence from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway, or any intermediate distance. The number of passengers by these boats is very considerable; in ten trips, taken at different hours of different days, during last autumn, but never in boats crowded, we found the average to be 40. Indeed, the populousness, if we may so describe it, of the river is so great as to attract the activity of the bill-stickers, who sedulously follow their occupation on the piers and under the arches of the bridges, throughout the whole of the busy season; and they are not a class who waste their labours where there are none to look upon them.

ADVANTAGES OF CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION calls into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents, it brings old useful notions into remembrance; it unfolds and displays the hidden treasure of

knowledge with which reading, observation, and study, have before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser, who lives only for himself.

YORKSHIRE HUMOUR.

AN action was brought against the owner of a waggon, which, by the carelessness of the driver, had crushed an unlucky donkey against a wall, and killed it. A learned sergeant, well known for his roughness of exclamation, was perplexing one of the witnesses, who found no other means of extricating himself than by giving a graphic description of the matter in question. “Well, my lord judge,” said the hesitating clown, “I’ll tell how it happened as well as I can. My lord, suppose I am the waggon, here I was. Now, my lord judge, here you are, you are the wall.” The describer now paused, as if trying to recollect his third position.—“Come, fellow,” exclaimed the sergeant,—“out with your story at once. You have not told us where was the ass?” “My lord judge,” exclaimed the witness, with a sudden sparkle in his eye, “his honour the counsel is the ass!” Of course the court was in a roar.

The Islington Garland.

Who has e’er been at Islington surely must know
Upper Street, and the Cot where lives Urcort, the beau.

Ideal of autographmania, and his
Round, roguish, good-humour’d and rubicund phiz!

With a bow and a smirk, and a bob and a whisk;
Dickey Suet’s “Ha! Ha!” and Jack Bannister’s
fisk;

He struts virtuous and figure of fun;
Joe Miller, Tom Hearne, bound by Momus, in one.

Altho’ he a right merry bachelor stands,
He has a-k’d, and obtain’d many ladies’ fair hands!
And leading a single, respectable life,
He keeps in his harem maid, widow, and wife!

His cot in a corner; quaint, antique, and modest,
Was made to contain of all odd things the oddest,
Forgott’n by time, and sav’d out of his wreck
By spectreless Oldbucks—Velut in spee!

Walk in and the motley miscellany see—
Hannah More and Noll Gwynn (tête à tête, vis-à-vis)
Saint Dunstan, Sir Jeff; Guy of Warwick, old Guy;
Moll Flanders, Queen Bess; Mary Tofta, Mrs. Fry!

Brownrigg and Shipton; (remarkable Mothers!)
Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Hind, Barrington—(Brothers!)
Miss Blandy, Miss Canning; (the devil’s own
daughters!)

Will Summers, Mull’d-Sacke; Dusty Bob, Billy
Waters!

Quecks, Quakers, Dwarfs, Giants, Mimes, Mount-
banks, Mumpers;

The Hottentot Venus, and Radical rumpers!
Parson Hauntingdon’s pul, where old Nick in his niche
is;

Their long leather ears, and his short leather breeches!

Fleet-weddings, round-a-bouts, race-shouts, races;
Thro’ horse-collars clowns cutting comical faces;
Rubbles on dry land, balloons in the air;
Jack Frost on the Thames holding Bartlemey Fair.

Duck-hunters merrily heading the stile O;
The ghost of Cock-Lane, and the cradle of Shiloh;
Thimble-rigs, Little-pees, Punch at his pranks,
And Members of Parliament free as their franks.

To Evelyn and Peppy and Johnson and Bossy,
And Goldsmith and Garrick and Fente and Flossy,
I often step in, and say "how d'y'e do?"
At *Autograph Cottage*, 103!

And loast (not in tea! tattle's tippin') the wight,
The fam'd calligraphist who taught men to write;
First dipp'd pen in ink, and his foolcap unfur'd;
And *Autographomania* all over the world!

What village can boast like fair Islington town
Such time-honor'd worthies, such ancient renown?
Here jolly Queen Bess, after flirting with Leicester,
"Undumpish'd" herself with Dick Turlington her
Jester.

Here gallant gay Essex, and burly Lord Burleigh
Sat late at their revells, and came to them early;
Here honest Sir John took his ease at his inn—
Bardolph's proboscis, and Jack's double chin!
Here Flinsbury Archers disported and quaff'd,
And Raleigh the brave took his pipe and his draught;
Here the Knight of Saint John pledged the Highbury
Monk.

Till both to their pallets reel'd piously drunk.
Here stands the tall relic, old Canonbury Tow'r,
Where Auburn's sweet bard (A) won the muse to his
bow'r—

The vandal that pulls thy grey teneaments down,
When falls the first stone, may that stone crack his
crown!

Thy green pleasant pastures, thy streamlets so clear,
Oh! classical village! to Elia (a) were dear—
Nare child of humanity! oft have we stray'd
On Sir Hugh's pleasant banks in the cool of the shade.

Joy to thy spirit, aquatic Sir Hugh!
To the end of old time shall thy River be New!
Thy Head, ancient Parr, (c) too shall not be for-
gotten;

Nor Thius, Virgin (f) Queen, (s) tho' thy timbers are
rotten.

Thy chronicler Nelson, (x) his journey is sped,
Thy guest little Quick, (y) is the quick and the dead;
The last debt of nature he paid, as all must;
And came, like a gentleman, down with his dust.

Farwell pious Strachan, (e) and the good Shepherd
Gaskin (u)

Who joined men and maids at the third time of asking!
A sigh for John Nichols (i) the loyal and true—
Old worthies farewell!—Now a cup to the New.

To Percival's (x) health fill a glass to the brim,
See Islington's great illustrator in him:
Urbanity, taste, liberality, mind—
No sky-lights, brave boys, and no heelsaps behind!

A bumper to Knight, (l) and each honest Placater;
Disciple of Walton—carissima frater!
May death pass him by when he's throwing his books,
And long keep the worms from himself and his books.

Worms but remind us of coffins and knells,
And talking of coffins reminds us of shells,
And talking of shells just reminds us to drink on—
—Health and long life to Conchologist Lincolne! (u)

The sweet Swan of Avon his works would you view
In rare old editions? much better than new!
Repair to the Black-Letter *Prophet*, (n) and then
He'll show you his *Lions*, and cry "Good ye des!"

Says Old Father Thames, "I a toast will propose
While every man's goblet is under his nose;
My old Bridge of London was ready to fall;
Three cheers for new piers! and Squire Jones (o) of
Cream Hall."

All flesh is grass, so philosophers say;
Then while the sun shines we had better make hay!
As many more worthies are still to be found,
To part on the square, let us drink them all round.

Nonh in his ark had a mighty queer lot;
And who in his ark shall say Upcott has not?
A bumper toast fill of the best in the island
To Upcott, (v) and *Autograph Cottage* on dry land!
G. D.

Canonbury Square.

* It was a saying of the time, that "*Dicks Turlington could undumpish her Majesty at his pleasure*."—That is, dissipate the royal blue-devils after one of Elizabeth Tudor's wonted paroxysms of conceit and ferocity.

(A) Oliver Goldsmith found a pleasant retreat in a curiously old panelled apartment (which still bears his name) in this venerable Tower. Here he put the last hand to his *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*; and composed much of his exquisite *Vicar of Wakefield*.

(a) Charles Lamb lived near Colebrook Row. His favourite walks were the banks of the New River, and Hornsey. The writer, on these occasions, was his frequent companion.

(b) The Old Queen's Head in the Lower-Street (now razed to the ground) was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture in the kingdom. In this ancient hostelry it is said Sir Walter Raleigh "puff'd his pipe." For many years it was the convivial resort of retired citizens, and thirsty way-farers, who, under its primitive porch, quaffed their genuine nut-brown, and indulged in reminiscences of bye-gone days. The old oak Parlour has been preserved from the wreck, and is well worth a visit from the antiquary.

(x) John Nelson, Author of "*The History and Antiquities of Islington*;" the first edition of which is a valuable work—the second is waste-paper; some of the most interesting parts being omitted, and the blatus filled up with low detail and pot-house politics.

(y) The celebrated Comedian, now George III. used to call "*his actor*." Quick resided in a small umbrella-cottage in Hornsey Row Islington, the walls of which (passage and staircases) were covered with Zoffani's paintings of him in his capital characters. He lived to be an octogenarian; and was fond (moderately) of punch, entertaining and merry to the last.

(e) The Reverend George Strachan D.D. late Vicar of St. Mary Islington.

(i) John Nichols Esq. of Highbury, late editor of the Gentleman's magazine.

(u) Richard Percival Junr. Esq. F.S.A. of Highbury; whose highly curious and interesting collection of

drawings and prints for the illustration of Islington may be truly pronounced matchless. Few libraries contain more beautifully illustrated volumes than this gentleman's.

(l) William Knight Esq. F.S.A. of Canonbury; a choice collector of Angling books and Miscels.

(n) Abraham Lincolne Esq. of Highbury.

(v) "*The Prophet*." What meanness the "metre-ballad-monger?" We know not of any other prophet appertaining unto "Old Iseldon," save the renowned "*Brothers*."—but we do know a certain bibliographical wight with a biblical cognomen, who rejoiceth in a bundle of old black-letter ballads, in sundry tiny dingy tomes of *Merris Jests*, songs, garlands, penny-trolletries and profane stage-plays—and a goodly row of Shakespearean Quartos. Can this be "a second Daniel come to judgement?"

(o) Richard Lambert Jones Esq., Chairman of the London Bridge Committee. The Library of the City of London owes much to Mr. Jones's supervision and good taste.

(s) William Upcott Esq. author of "*A Bibliographical account of the Principal Books relating to English Topography*," a work of great industry and research. Mr. Upcott possesses the most marvellous collection of Autographs that was ever brought together by the unwearied research and good luck of one individual. This interesting treasure ought never to see the auction-room—its proper depository is *The British Museum*—and it will reflect lasting discredit on the powers that be if it is lost to the Country.

The Naturalist.



THE SPECTRE INSECT.

It has been truly said that the wing-cases of the tropical insects of the families *Locusta*, *Mantis*, *Phasma*, &c., are so exactly like leaves, not only in colour, but in texture, and even in veining, from the fresh green of those newly expanded, to the faded brown of those withered and fallen, that botanists themselves might be deceived if they were detached from the insects, and exhibited as real leaves.

The family of spectres were formerly confounded with several insects different from them in many respects, such as the *Mantids*, or *praying mantises*. The Spectres are divided by most authors into two genera, namely, *Phasma* and *Phyllium*. In the former genus the body is filiform, and resembles the stem of a plant, or the twig of a tree. Several are entirely without wings, or have extremely short wing-cases. Very large species are found in the East Indies, the Moluccas, New Holland, and South America. *Phasma Gigas*, which measures nearly a foot in length, is found in the East Indies. *Phasma Rossi*, a much smaller and wingless species, is found in the south of France.

In the genus *Phyllium* both the body and legs are flattened, and membranous, and the first segment of the thorax is swordiform. The wings and wing-cases vary in their degrees of

development in different species, but they frequently cover the abdomen in such a manner as to make it appear as if two leaves had fallen upon it. Some seem green and fresh, others, brown and withered, while an intermediate kind present the red and yellow hues of autumn. This imitation, or rather representation of the vegetal kingdom, is indeed so singular as to attract the attention, and excite the astonishment of the least curious enquirer.

Allan Cunningham, the botanist, who has observed several of the Australian *Phasmids* in their native haunts, says, that the reason why they are so rarely met with, is owing to their solitary and sedate habits, being always found single, or only two in company, crawling slowly up the underwood, shrubs, &c., on which they seem to pass their existence in the hot summer months, feeding on the young, glutinous, or gummy trees. He says also, that they occasionally disappear for two or three years together.

The whole family of spectres and walking-leaf insects, are viewed with great reverence in several parts of the world. The Turks, the Hottentots, and the peasantry of the south of France, regard them as sacred on account of the demure and clerical-like movements of the insects. This absurd reverence for them has been wittily ridiculed by the facetious Tommy Hood, in his poetical address to Rae Wilson:—

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
Not a whit better than a Mantis;—
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,
By simple savages—through sheer pretence—
Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

The above figure of the spectre is from a specimen in the East India Company's Museum.

J. H. F.

FEMALE COURTSHIP IN ROME.

THE women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue, impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to the young man's friend: *Dite al che signor my piace*—"Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, *My volete bene?* "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, *Sì, caro*—"Yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner commence connexions which last for years, and which, when they are dissolved, plunge the men into despair. The Marquis Gatti lately shot himself, because, on his return from Paris, he found that his mistress had been false to him.

Biography.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(Continued from page 71.)

UPON this unexpected and severe reverse of fortune, he determined on retiring from that busy scene of life, in which he had met with so many troubles, and to seek in retirement that happiness, which, from experience, he knew was not to be found at courts. The place which he chose for his retreat, was Woodstock, a spot endeared to him, by the satisfaction he had experienced in the days of his prosperity, when wandering through its pleasant walks; and here, during his retirement, he employed a great part of his time in revising and correcting his writings; but the period was now approaching when he was to experience as great a change in his affairs as he had hitherto met with; for the Duke of Lancaster, whose absence had occasioned him so much distress, was preparing to return to England, which occurrence took place towards the end of the year 1389. The Duke of Lancaster had been engaged in an expedition into Spain, for the purpose of taking possession of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, the title of which he had assumed, in the right of his wife; and although he was compelled to abandon the war, yet, after dismissing his army, and relinquishing his design, for the accomplishment of which he had spent such vast sums, he obtained almost as much as he could have expected from victory, having been enabled to make his two daughters, queens, one of Castile, and the other of Portugal; and, at the same time, bringing over with him an immense treasure, having, according to one of our historians, as many chests of gold as loaded forty-seven mules. Soon after his return to England, his party began to revive; and having recovered his credit at court, the king, in full parliament, created him Duke of Aquitaine, and sent him over to take possession of that principality. The Duke of Lancaster's affection for Lady Catherine Swynford, sister of Chaucer's wife, seems to have revived with his fortune; for we find him, under the pretence of rewarding her for the care she had taken in the education of his two daughters Philippa and Elizabeth, making her very large grants, one of which was the grant of the wardship of the heir of Bertram de Sanby, and of an annuity of two hundred marks per annum, payable out of his honour of Tickhill. The following are the words of this grant:—For the good and agreeable service which our thrice dear and most beloved Lady Catherine Swynford, the mistress of our most beloved daughters, hath rendered to our said children, we have given and granted, etc. The true cause of this affection towards her appears to have been on account of the children he had by her, to whom he gave the name of Beaufort, which was derived from the Latin *de bello forte*, the name of a castle in

Anjou, which came into his family by his marriage with the Lady Blanch, of Artois, Queen of Navarre. These children were the following, namely:—John Beaufort, afterwards Earl of Somerset; Henry Beaufort, afterwards Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of England; Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, afterwards Duke of Exeter; and Joan, married, first, to Sir Robert Ferrers, of Overfly, and afterwards to Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland. It is stated by Weaver, in his *Funeral Monuments*, a very curious and circumspect writer in the time of Charles II., that among the descendants of John, Duke of Lancaster, there had been eight kings, four queens, and five princes of England; six kings, and three queens of Scotland; two cardinals, upwards of twenty dukes, almost as many duchesses of England; several dukes of Scotland; besides many potent princes and eminent nobility in foreign parts.

Although we have no authentic account of the benefits that occurred to Chaucer through this alteration in the duke's affairs, yet we have no reason to doubt but that he felt the effects of his patron's prosperity; although, at the same time, it appears he had taken such a dislike to courts, that nothing could tempt him to quit his rural retirement; his mind, however, being more at rest, he undertook and finished a new work, which has established his reputation, with respect to learning, upon as firm a basis, as his former labours had fixed his fame for wit and genius. This new work appears to have been written in 1391, and was intended for the use of his youngest son, Lewis, who, although only ten years of age, was so forward in his learning, as to be desirous of having his father's instruction in acquiring the principles of astronomy. This appears to have been the cause of his writing his *Treatise on the Astrolabe*; a production which not only shews the skill of its author, but likewise proves that this useful and sublime science was not, at that period, at so low an ebb as is generally represented. Some writers assert that this discourse of Chaucer's, was merely a translation; while others suppose it to be a collection from other authors who had written before him on the same subject. In Chaucer's works, this production is entitled *The Conclusions of the Astrolabe*. In the introduction, which is addressed to his son, he remarks, that it was with great pleasure he observed his growing capacity and earnest passion for learning, which very willingly induced him to yield to his request of teaching him the use of this instrument. He then proceeds to inform him, that it was not his intention to discourse on the whole science, but only on those parts that were the most useful, and might be easily performed by this curious instrument, being the fittest for the apprehension of a child of ten years of age. After which he adds, that it was for the same reason he wrote them in English instead of Latin, conceiving that to write on science, in a tongue

of which a young person might have but a superficial knowledge, was unnecessary, science being the same in whatever language it might be taught; and that he had written it in a very plain style, out of regard to the tenderness of his understanding; and that he judged it better to use more words in order to make the propositions more clear, than, by studying a correct style, render his work difficult for a child to understand. This work is in every respect what the author proposed to make it, being clearly written, and delivered in a manner which cannot fail to please and satisfy a young scholar. In a fine manuscript of this treatise, formerly belonging to Dr. Henry Moore, Bishop of Ely, there is a note, in which it is stated that at this time Lewis Chaucer was under the tuition of his father's friend, Nicholas Strode. But there appears some mistake in regard to this Nicholas Strode; for, according to Leland, Bale, and Wood, the friend of Chaucer was Ralph Strode, of Merton College, in Oxford, one of the greatest philosophers, and most esteemed poets of his time. The note to the manuscript mentioned above, is in the following terms:—*Explicit Tractatus de Conclusionibus Astrolabii, compilat. per Galfredum Chaucier ad filium suum Ludovicum scholarem tunc temporis Oxonie, ac sub tutela illius nobilissimi philosophi Magistri N. Strode.* About four years after Chaucer had finished this treatise, and while her husband was in France, Constance, Duchess of Lancaster, died, and was buried with great solemnity at Leicester; and the Duke of Lancaster, upon his return to England at the end of the year, not meeting with so kind a reception at court as he expected, went suddenly to Lincoln, where his old mistress, Lady Catherine Swynford, resided, and to the great surprise of the country, married her. This gave great offence to the Duchess of Gloucester, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Arundel, and other ladies descendant of the royal family, as she became, by this marriage, the second person in the realm; and, from being considered not a fit companion for either, now took precedence of the whole; but she behaved with so much discretion and humility, that these disputes were soon amicably settled; and at the same time she gained such an ascendancy over the king, that, the year after her marriage, he took her and the duke with him into France, at which time he espoused the king of France's daughter, Isabel, who being very young, was placed under the care of the Duchess of Lancaster. Soon after the return of the royal family to England, we find a singular instance of the advantage that Chaucer received from this alliance; the king having by letters patent granted him an annuity of twenty marks per annum, in lieu of that which was given to him by his grandfather, but which, in the time of his distress, he had been compelled to dispose of. Shortly after, he granted him, by other letters patent, dated the fourth of May, in the twenty-first year of his reign, his protection for two years, signi-

fying that for that period he had occasion to employ him in his service. But these were not the only instances afforded him of royal favour; for, we find that by letters patent, dated the thirteenth of October, in the following year, he had a pipe of wine annually granted him out of the customs of the port of London, which was to be delivered to him by the chief butler; an office to which his son, Thomas Chaucer, had been lately appointed. But although these benefits must have cheered and comforted his decayed spirits in the decline of life, yet he had, about the same time, the misfortune to lose his noble patron, constant friend, and kind brother, the Duke of Lancaster, by whom he was first brought to court, and through whose favour he never wanted countenance or support, when he had the power to bestow it. This loss appears to have deeply afflicted him, for soon after he retired to Dunnington Castle, where he spent the greatest part of his time, during the last two years of his life. The following description of this retreat of Chaucer, is given by Camden: "It is a small but neat castle, situated upon the brow of a rising hill, having an agreeable prospect, very light, with windows on all sides, said to have been built by Sir Richard Adderbury, Knight, who likewise founded an hospital beneath it, called God's-house; it was afterwards the seat of Chaucer, then of the De la Poles; and in our father's memory, the residence of C. Brandon, Duke of Suffolk." At the beginning of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., it was garrisoned for the king, under the valiant Sir John Boys, and by commanding the western road and town of Newbury, was of great advantage to the royal party as a safe retreat; but, after a rough assault, and as bold a resistance, during which several of the towers were battered down, it was surrendered upon honourable conditions. A writer, who visited it some time since, says, "the only remains of this structure, are a battered gateway, with two towers, and a small part of the ruined walls; the ground about it, as well as the ruins, are choked with brambles, and over-run with ivy. It is situated about half-a-mile to the right of Spinam land, and a mile beyond Newbury, on the same side. After crossing the river Kennet, you arrive at the village of Dunnington, from which there is a steep but pleasant ascent to a hill under the castle, where stands a seat, formerly belonging to the Countess of Sandwich; from thence arises the castle hill, which is very steep, and not unlike that whereon the observatory stands at Greenwich, and from this hill there is a fine prospect of several counties; at the back of the castle are level grounds, woodlands, and inclosures. The castle stands in a pleasant park, in which there was a famous oak, called Chaucer's oak, under which, according to tradition, he wrote several of his poems." Mr. Evelyn, who gives a particular description of this tree, says, that there were three of them planted by Chaucer: namely, the king's oak, the queen's oak, and Chaucer's oak.

It was during Chaucer's residence at this castle, that the revolution took place which placed Henry of Lancaster, the son of his brother-in-law, upon the throne. But although we do not find him very eager to pay his compliments to the new king, or triumphing in the misfortunes of his late kind master and gracious benefactor, yet he did not disregard those advantages which were offered to him by this revolution; for having accidentally lost the grant of the last annuity, as well as that of the pipe of wine, he obtained a confirmation of them in the first year of Henry IV., by an exemplification of his former letters patent; but this was not the only favour he received from the new king, who, out of regard to the ancient friendship and near alliance which existed between his father and Chaucer, granted him in the first year of his reign, an annuity of forty marks per annum for the term of his life. It is asserted by an eminent writer, that Chaucer enjoyed the honour of being poet laureat under three kings; namely, Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV.; but in regard to which he appears to be mistaken; for, according to the learned Selden, there was no such office before the reign of Edward IV. If we take the term in a more extensive sense, and suppose it to mean an eminent poet who celebrated these princes, it may justly be applied to Chaucer, in regard to the two first, but we find nothing in his works relating to the last, his name not being so much as mentioned in any of Chaucer's writings. The short time he lived after the accession of Henry IV., was chiefly employed in regulating his private affairs, which had suffered greatly by the public disorders; for, all the public acts of the deposed Richard II., in the twenty-first year of his reign, having been declared void, Chaucer was compelled to quit his retirement, and come to town, for the purpose of soliciting his causes; and as he was now beginning to bend under the weight of years, this accession of business, which obliged him to alter his mode of living, is supposed to have injured his health, which from this period began rapidly to decline. Chaucer, who bore the near approach of his death with true Christian patience, appears to have retained the noble faculties of his mind to the last, there being extant a sonnet or ode, consisting of three stanzas, that he composed on his death-bed. The beauty of this piece, as well as the extraordinary occasion upon which it was written, has induced us to insert it in this place: it is transcribed from a manuscript in the Cotton-library, (Otho, A. XVIII.,) bearing the following title:—A ballade made by Giffrey Chaucer, upon his dethe bedde, lying in his grete angysse.

Gode Counsaile of Chaucer.

Flie fro the prese, and dwell with sothfastnesse;
 Suffice unto thy Gode, though it be small;
 For horde hath hate, and clymyng tyklynnesse;
 Preece hath envy, and wele it treat ow all,
 Savour ne more then the behovin shall:

Rede well thyself, that other folke canst rede,
 And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

Paine the not eche crokid to redresse.
 In trust of her that tournoith as a balle;
 Grete rest standith in lill busynesse,
 Beware also to spurre again a malle,
 Strive not as doith a crocke with a walle,
 Demith thyself that demist othirs Jede,
 And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

That the is sent revee in buxomenesse;
 The wrastring of this worlde askith a falle;
 Here is no home, here is but wildirnesse,
 For the pilgrim for the o best out of thy stalle,
 Loke upon high, and thanke thy God of all;
 Weivith thy luste, and let thy ghost the lede,
 And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

He died October 25, 1400, in the full possession of that high reputation which his writings had deservedly acquired, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the great south cross-aisle. It is asserted by some writers, that he was buried at first in the cloister, where he lay until some years after, but this must be a mistake, for Caxton, in his edition of Chaucer, says, that he was buried in the abbey-church of Westminster, before the chapel of St. Bennet; and he is supposed to have been interred under a large slab of grey marble, which was in the pavement, where the monument of Dryden now stands, which is in front of the chapel. During the erecting of this monument, the slab was taken up and sawn in pieces. It is asserted by Speght and others, that the following lines were anciently upon Chaucer's tomb-stone:

*Galfridus Chaucer, vates et fama poesis
 Materius, hæc sacra sum t. multus humo.*

But this must refer only to the time of Caxton, who procured a long epitaph to be written in honour of Chaucer, by Stephanus Surigonus, poet-laureat of Milan, which was hung upon a pillar over Chaucer's grave-stone, towards the end of which epitaph these two lines occur. But in 1556, Mr. Nicholas Brigham, a gentleman of Oxford, who was a great admirer of Chaucer's works, erected, at his own expense, a handsome monument to his memory, not far from the chapel of St. Bennet. Upon this monument Mr. Brigham had painted a portrait of Chaucer, from that which was in Occleve's book, with the following inscription:—

M. S.

*Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,
 Galfridus Chaucer condidit hoc tumulo;
 Annum et quædam Domini, et tempora vite,
 Ecce notæ subsunt que tui exposita notant.*

25 Octobris. 1400.

Ærummarum requies mors.

N. Brigham hoc fecit Musæum nomine sumptus.

1556.

It is said that the following verses were formerly written on the edge of the tomb, but it is more probable that they were inscribed upon a ledge of brass, which has been taken away, for there is not the least appearance of any letters upon the stone itself:

*Si rogites quis eram, forsitan te fama docebit;
 Quod si fama negat, mundi quia gloria tranxit,
 Hæc monumenta lego.*

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

[FROM the 116th No. of the *Asiatic Journal*, we have extracted the following treatise, "important as an element of youthful instruction, inculcating universal paternal reverence;" it is entitled

The Heaou-king; or, "Book of Filial Obedience."]

"The Book of Filial Piety," says the preface, "is the rule of action, the requisite of all religion—Confucius wrote it of old, and delivered it to posterity:" a sentence sufficient to prove the high estimation in which it must be held by the subjects of the celestial empire. The first section contains "The exposition of the doctrine." Chung-neih was seated, meditating at his leisure, and Tsang-tszé was by his side, when the sage exclaimed, "The former monarchs possessed the summit of virtue, and the utmost limit of reason; the people harmonized with them; the upper and lower classes were not agitated by contention: are you aware how this was accomplished?"—"I, Tsan," replied Tsang-tszé, rising from his seat, "am not intelligent: how can I adequately comprehend it?"—"Behold," replied Confucius, "filial piety is the root of virtue, and they instilled it into the rising generation." When Tsan had resumed his seat, "I tell you," he continued, "from children deriving their physical origin from their parents, and not presuming to injure them, was the commencement of filial piety. The desire of obtaining present respect, and future honour among posterity, by manifesting regard towards their father and mother, was the end of filial piety. Filial piety commences by reverence towards parents, centres in fidelity towards the prince, terminates in establishing a good reputation. The *Taya* says:

"Forget ye not your parents, but reverse;
Adorn their virtues!"

The second section is on the emperor. "He who loves his parents," continued Confucius, "cannot hate mankind; he who reveres them cannot be brutal towards society at large. If he reveres his parents with love and reverence, his virtuous example will pervade the hundred families, like an universal law, to the four seas. The *Fooking* says:

"The king alone with virtue makes mankind
Depend on his example."

The third section is on the courtiers. "They should not be proud of their elevation; but dignified, and not timid; and when invested with office, should act with moral propriety, like a vessel filled to the brim, but yet not overflowing. Thus they will attain respect and honour, and be able to protect the gods of the land and grain, and harmonize the people. This is the duty of a courtier. The *She-king* says:

"Trembling with apprehension, like to him
Who nears the steep or treads along the ice."

In this manner the sage continues to deliver

his opinions relative to the application of the doctrine to all conditions of life. As to the ministers, in section iv., quoting at the end a stanza of some of the old poems, which, at that early period, were the popular and oracular method of instruction; to them he applies:

At noon and night alike forget ye not
To serve your monarch.

To the doctors, after a longer charge, (section v.,) he says:

Waking at morn, retiring at the night,
Forget ye not your fathers.

The duty of the common people (sec. vi.,) is "To make use of the course of the seasons and fecundity of the ploughed earth, behave themselves with propriety, and support their parents; this is the duty of the common people. By an uninterrupted chain of filial duties, from the prince to the peasant, calamity is averted: it cannot even exist." Confucius then proceeds to consider the doctrine in its relation to the three principles of earth, man, and heaven, in relation to the uniformity and tranquillity of nature, and the conduct of the former monarchs in respect to the example they set, from their observation of these principles (sec. vii.):

Their luminous and much enlightened lords,
The people saw with awe.

The eighth section contains an account of the virtue of Ming-wang, who governed the empire by the inculcation of this doctrine:

—Whose virtuous deeds perceived,
Four nations revered and obeyed his name.

In the ninth section, Tsang-tszé asks the sage if it would not be better rather to inquire into the virtues of the saints (*Shing-jin*)! Confucius replies, that the most important of all actions is filial piety, and the height of filial piety to treat your father like heaven. The philosopher then proceeds to instance the duties of the *Shing-jin*, in stimulating the practice of filial piety, and states: "Hence, to be wanting in affection towards parents, and to bestow it upon strangers, is called perverted virtue; to be disrespectful to relations, and civil towards strangers, perverted politeness." He then points out the manner in which a virtuous man usually conducts himself, and quotes the *She-king*, in which it is stated:

—When uncorrupt the sage,
Like heaven, he errs not.

The tenth section contains an account of an arrangement of a course of filial piety—especially its influence, as manifested in the example of the monarch. In the eleventh section, is considered the duty in its relation to punishments. "The five modes of punishment comprehend a class of three thousand crimes; but the greatest of all is a want of filial affection—diminishing respect to the prince and his dignity, substituting anarchy for the conduct of the saints." In the twelfth section it is considered with relation to the utmost limit of reason. In this chapter, ceremonies and

music, filial obedience and fraternal respect, are prescribed as the very first requisites of government. The thirteenth section considers it with relation to the summit of virtue—the impossibility of regulating the government without the monarch being endued with the highest moral character, which cannot exist without filial obedience. The fourteenth, a very short section, examines it with respect to the attainment of fame. Tsang-tsze, in the fifteenth, demands of his master, "When feelings of affection and extreme respect are manifested towards parents, you say that children will attain fame; now, should a son, when he receives his father's command, presume to differ from it, will he be termed filial?"—"What are you saying? what are you saying?" replied Confucius—"In times of old, when the emperor and his courtiers had disputes, although they fell into excess against reason, the empire was not lost. When the courtiers and ministers had disputes, the kingdom was not lost. When the inferior officers and ministers disputed, the families were not lost. When the learned and their friends disagree, their good name is not lost; neither do father and son, when they disagree, lose their pretensions to righteousness." In such a tenor is the whole of this excellent tract drawn up. The morality it breathes, the duties it inculcates, are not inferior to the doctrines of Socrates. Kindness and submission to the aged, gratitude for parental care, rendering back, at the close of life, those offices which the adult so freely offers to his offspring. Dutiful, but not unqualified, submission, it everywhere promulgates. In the sixteenth chapter it considers the doctrine with regard to rewards and punishments, comparing the honour rendered to a father to the adoration of the providence of heaven; the honour rendered to a mother, to the nature of earth—antithetical allusion to the *yang* and *yin* principles, or motion and *vis inertia*, common in Chinese writings. So universal was the influence of filial piety, that, in the words of the poem,

In every quarter of the world, no thought
But breathed submission.

The sympathetic influence which it exerts between ministers and monarchs, forms the argument of the seventeenth section.

—When mutual their affection,

They do not shun to speak aloud their thoughts,
Which, by the fearful, treasured in their heart,
Ne'er see the light of day.

The eighteenth section concludes with the mourning for parents. "This," continues Confucius, "is the conduct of a dutiful son, when he grieves for the death of his parents: There is no clamour in his grief, no ostentation in the funeral rites, no flowers of rhetoric in his speech, no gaiety in his apparel; when he listens to music, there is no pleasure in its strain; when he eats, no savour in his food: such is his sorrow!"

These are the doctrines by which this sin-

gular and reflecting people are professedly guided. Socrates could scarcely have added another trait to their excellence, considered morally or metaphysically. It brings to the mind the common, though not less touching, anecdote of the rude sons of Sparta rising at the theatre to the white-haired old man. It breathes a knowledge and a kindness too little practised in Europe; it inculcates a feeling which requires strengthening, and aids nature where her power seems to fail most strikingly. It has implanted love for offspring; but duty and love for parents is not innate but acquired.

[BLACKWOOD is this month particularly rich. The article on *Song Writing* is certainly of the first order; so is also *A Proving upon Poetry. Literary Fables*, from the Spanish of Yriarte, display great judgment and discrimination. It is from the *Lungs of London*, we extract the following graphic description of

Kensington Gardens.]

Which consisted originally, as we are told by Pennant, of only twenty-six acres. Queen Anne added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Mr. Wise; but the principal additions were made by the late Queen, who took in near three hundred acres out of Hyde Park, which were laid out by Bridgeman. They are now three and a half miles in circumference. The broad walk, which extends from the palace along the south side of the gardens, is in the spring a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. Kensington Gardens have been the subject of several poems, one especially by Tickell, of which we would here insert some extracts did space permit. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace—an ugly edifice, as all our metropolitan palatial edifices are—but unpretending enough, nor, unlike its precious colleague in St. James's Park, does it superadd impudence to vulgarity. At this season of the year Kensington Gardens look remarkably well; they have an air more park-like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. Here is a solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming bell of St. Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the Parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant. The grounds are skillfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste, which combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, when cleverly executed, forms the perfection of landscape gar-

dening. This union of grandeur, and breadth of effect, with a certain degree of natural arrangement, has been very well hit off in these gardens—the long, unbroken, regular avenues of green sward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, have something majestic in their appearance; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieve the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

Our continental brethren carry this adornment of their public walks to a ridiculous excess. One would imagine that such places were intended as retreats from the bustle of cities; but a stranger entering the gardens of the Tuileries, for example, so far from being soothed with the agreeable delusion of retirement, finds himself introduced into the society of marble gentlemen and ladies, dying gladiators, gold and silver fish, orange trees stuck in green gallipots, and tritons spewing water in his face at every angle; so that he begins to feel himself altogether out of his element, and half inclined to resign the privilege of the promenade to the courtly creations of the magic pencil of Watteau, with their laced pocket-holes, clouded canes, velvet embroidery, and ruffles of *Point d'Espagne*. In Kensington Gardens, on the contrary, the lounge is not obliged to be so much upon his good behaviour; he can enjoy a stroll sufficiently retired for all reasonable purposes; and, if he does not object to good company, the broad walk affords good company in abundance,—literary ladies with the last new novel—cooling turtles, squeezing the last drops of ambrosia out of the expiring honeymoon—and faded old gentlemen in sky-blue coats, virgin waistcoats, Isabella-coloured "smalls," and black gaiters, who emerge from their neat suburban villas of Kensington Gore, and Bayswater, to take the air, and sigh for the brocaded petticoats, high-heeled shoes, hoops, and powdered toupées of half-a-century ago.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the Palace, is one of the finest afforded anywhere in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column like a rifle brigade of his Majesty the Emperor of Brobdingnag—the vistas between, extending far away into the shady distance—the verdure of the sward, which is here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the Parks—the air of quiet and seclusion that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to anything the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with an universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense—and the scene altogether of great animation.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S PICTURE OF AMERICA.*

"AMERICA is a wonderful country, endowed by the Omnipotent with natural advantages which no other can boast of; and the mind can hardly calculate upon the degree of perfection and power to which, whether the States are eventually separated or not, it may in the course of two centuries arrive. At present all is energy and enterprise; everything is in a state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now, would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now, you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years, that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity. In reviewing America, we must look upon it as showing the development of the English character under a new aspect, arising from a new state of things. If I were to draw a comparison between the English and the Americans, I should say that there is almost as much difference between the two nations at this present time, as there has long been between the English and the Dutch; the latter are considered by us as phlegmatic and slow; and we may be considered the same, compared with our energetic descendants. Time to an American is everything, and space he attempts to reduce to a mere nothing. By the steam-boats, railroads, and the wonderful facilities of water-carriage, a journey of five hundred miles is as little considered in America, as would be here a journey from London to Brighton. "*Go ahead*" is the real motto of the country; and every man does push on to gain in advance of his neighbour. The American lives twice as long as others; for he does twice the work during the time that he lives. He begins life sooner; at fifteen he is considered a man, plunges into the stream of enterprise, floats and struggles with his fellows. In every trifle an American shows the value he puts upon time: he rises early, eats his meals with the rapidity of a wolf, and is the whole day at his business. If he be a merchant, his money, whatever it may amount to, is seldom invested; it is all floating—his accumulations remain active; and when he dies, his wealth has to be collected from the four quarters of the globe. Now, all this energy and activity is of English origin; and were England expanded into America the same results would be produced. To a certain degree, the English were in former times what the Americans are now; and this it is which has raised our country so high in the scale of nations; but since we have become so closely packed—so crowded, that there is hardly room

* From his "Diary in America."

for the population, our activity has been proportionally cramped and subdued. But, in this vast and favoured country the very associations and impressions of childhood foster and ripen the intellect, and precociously rouse the energies. The wide expanse of territory already occupied—the vast and magnificent rivers—the boundless regions, yet remaining to be peopled—the rapidity of communication—the dispatch with which everything is effected, are evident almost to the child. To those who have rivers many thousand miles in length, the passage across the Atlantic (of 3,500 miles) appears but a trifle."

The Gatherer.

We are happy to announce, that the Royal Society of Literature intend publishing, periodically, under the immediate superintendence of the council, a *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, arranged in chronological order, and forming an entire Literary History of the United Kingdom, beginning with the commencement of the Anglo-Saxon period. It is quite unnecessary to expiate on the usefulness and importance of such an undertaking.

1421.—Loud complaints made by the inferior clergy, of the smallness and inequality of their stipend. Ordered by the superior convocation, that each Bishop's family barber should shave each priest holding orders of his Bishop, without payment.

In 1267, origin of turnpikes, in a grant of a penny for each wagon passing through a certain manor.

Mr. Charles Dickens, (Box.) has announced an entirely new work; the first number to appear early in March. We are happy to perceive that the last number of the popular "Nicholas Nickleby," will be embellished with a portrait of its talented author.

Machine for copying Oil Paintings.—M. Liepmann, a painter of eminence at Berlin, is stated to have invented a mechanical process for taking, in a very short time, a copy of any painting in oil, however old, with an exactitude which cannot be attained by the brush. M. Liepmann has exhibited his machine in the galleries of the Royal Museum at Berlin, and in the presence of the directors, made 110 copies of a portrait of Rembrandt, with the greatest success.—*Morning Herald.*

In all Turkish towns are found a vast number of skeletons of the domestic animals, affording ample opportunity for studying the anatomy of the camel, cow, horse, ass, and ox: the dogs begin, and the sun and wind complete, the bleaching of the skeleton. The head of the ox alone escapes this fate; in cultivated districts it is placed on a stick, or hung on a tree, as a scare-crow. This custom prevails in Greece as well as here.—*Fellows' Asia Minor.*

The pipes used by the Shepherds in Asia Minor, is a similar instrument to those found

in the tombs in Athens, specimens of which are in the British Museum; it is open at both ends, and is played by the shepherds in the manner represented on the Greek vases, by blowing sideways into it. This instrument and the lyre are sufficient evidence that the ancient Greeks, who attained a perfection in architecture and sculpture never equalled by any other age, cannot have understood the science of music.—*Ibid.*

Wreck of the Royal George.—Colonel Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, whose abilities are so well known, has received orders to remove the wreck of the *Royal George*, by the same means he so effectually employed in the Thames in clearing that river.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

Dr. Chowne mentions, in the current number of the *Lancet*, the very singular case of a Swiss, who had undergone the process of hanging 13 times, and yet survived it all. When death at last had seized his prey, his body was examined to ascertain the cause of this strange tenacity of life, and it was found that the windpipe was turned to bone; a sufficient cause certainly for his not being suffocated.

In 1464, a herd of sheep transported from Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire to Castile; from these are descended the sheep which produce the fine wool of Spain.

1468.—Salary of Thomas Littleton, Judge of the King's Bench, 136l. 13s. 4d., and 171l. 7s. for his fur-gown, robes, &c.

The Bishop of Hols, in Iceland, hired the master of a London merchant ship, as proxy to perform the visitation of his see.

A curious document has been placed in our hands, purporting to be a list of the servants, with the wages paid to them, kept in one of the oldest baronial halls in England, in the year 1757; and we make the following extracts from it, as a specimen of the difference in the price of labour at that period and the present. The following are the half-yearly wages:—

	£.	s.	d.
Joseph Hilton, head-man and park-keeper	4.	3	6
James Weber, groom	3	3	0
William Burrow, under-man	3	12	6
Mrs. Mally Cross, housekeeper	3	0	0
James Stout, old cook-maid	1	1	0
Dorothy Stephenson, chamber and dairy-maid	1	2	6
Mally Newby, ditto	1	2	6

The coffin of the Duke of Kent was remarkable for being the largest ever made for any of the royal family; being 7 feet 5½ inches in length, 2 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 2 feet 1 inch deep, and weighing upwards of a ton. The number of benevolent institutions his Royal Highness patronised, amounted to seventy!

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